

Die Alte

K. 517

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Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-91)

Ein bisschen durch die Nase
A bit nasal

Singstimme.

1. Zu mei-ner Zeit, zu mei-ner Zeit be - stand noch Recht und Bil - lig - keit, be - stand noch
2. Zu mei-ner Zeit, zu mei-ner Zeit be - fliss man sich der Heim lich - keit, be - fliss man
3. Zu mei-ner Zeit, zu mei-ner Zeit ward Pflicht und Ord nung nicht ent - weiht, ward Pflicht und
4. Zu mei-ner Zeit, zu mei-ner Zeit war noch in E hen Ei - nig - keit, war noch in

Pianoforte.

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Voice

Rech und Bil - lig - keit. Da wur - den auch aus Kin - dern Len - te, austu gend - haf - ten Mäd - chen
sich der Heim - lich - keit. Ge - noss der Jüng ling ein Ver - gnü - gen, so war er dank - bar und ver -
Ord nung nicht ent weiht. Der Mann ward, wie es sich ge - büh - ret, von ei - ner lie - ben Fran re -
E - hen E - nig - keit. Jetzt darf der Man uns fast ge - bie - ten, unswi - der - spre - chen und uns

Pno.

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Voice

Brän - te; doch al - les mit Be - schei den heit. O gu - te Zeit, o gu - te Zeit! Es ward kein
schwei - gen; doch jetzt ent - deckt er's un - ge - schent. O schlim - me Zeit, o schlim me Zeit! Die Re - gung
gie - ret, trotz sei - ner stol - zen Männ lich - keit. O gu - te Zeit, o gu - te Zeit! Die Mrom - me
hü - ten, wo man mit Freun - den sich er - frent. O schlim - me Zeit, o schlim me Zeit! Mit die - ser

Pno.

15

Voice

Jüng-lingzum Ver - rä ther, und uns - re Jung-fernfrei ten_ spä - ter, sie reiz-ten nicht der Müt ter_
 müt - ter - li - cher Trie be, der Vor-witz und derGeist der_ Lie - befährt jetzt oft schon in's Flü gel -
 herrsch-te mur ge - lin der, uns blich der Fut und ihm die_ Kin - der; das war die Mo - de weit und_
 Neu - e rung im_ Lan de, mit die - sem Fluch im E - he - stan - de hat ein Co - met uns längst be -

Pno.

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Voice

Neid. O gu - te Zeit, o gu - te Zeit!
 breit. O schlim - me Zeit, o schlim - me Zeit!
 breit. O gu - te Zeit, o gu - te Zeit!
 dränt, O schlim - me Zeit, o schlim - me Zeit!

Pno.

Translation

Die Alte - The Old Woman

1. In my day, in my day,
 Proper and reasonable ways still had currency.
 Then, too, children became good citizens
 And virtuous girls became brides;
 But all with good modesty.
 Oh, the good days, the good days!
 No young fellow deceived his sweetheart,
 And our maidens courted later,
 They didn't provoke their mothers' jealousy
 Oh, the good days, the good days!

2. In my day, in my day,
 People were careful to be discreet.
 If a young man enjoyed a pleasure,
 He was grateful and kept still;
 But now he reveals it unabashedly.
 Oh, the bad times, the bad times!
 The stirring of maternal urges,
 Inquisitiveness and the spirit of love
 Are nowadays already found beneath pinafores!
 Oh, the bad times, the bad times!

3. In my day, in my day,
 Duty and order were not profaned.
 A man, as is fitting,
 Was ruled by a loving wife,
 Despite his proud virility.
 Oh the good days, the good days!
 The pious woman merely governed more gently,
 We were left with the hat [the upper hand] and
 he with the children;
 That was the fashion far and wide.
 Oh, the good days, the good days!

4. In my day, in my day,
 There was still unity in marriages.
 Nowadays the husband can practically order us around,
 Contradict us and guard us
 When we are having a good time with friends.
 Oh the bad times, the bad times!
 With this novelty in the land,
 With this curse on matrimony,
 We were long threatened by a comet.
 Oh, the bad times, the bad times!